Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?
Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore should *I* curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,
As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should *I* not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees.
Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings.
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.
And boding scrike-oules make the consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell. (selfe.
Queene. Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy
Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
Queene. No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt vvithin this vvorldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.
Avvay, I say, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing vvhilst thou standest here.
Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.
Ente *Vawse.*

Queene.

Queene. Hovv novv, vvhither goes Vavvse so fast?
Vawse. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he vvere madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And vvhispers to his pillovv as to him,
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen novv he cald aloude for him.
Queene. Go then good Vavvse and certifie the King.
Exet Vawse.
Oh vvhat is vvorldly pompe, all men must die,
And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende.
But vvhy mourne I for him, vvhilst thou art here?
Svveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.
Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What vvere it else, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the nevv borne babe,
That dies vvith mothers dugge betvveene his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or vvith thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That *I* might breathe it so into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in svveete Elyziam,
By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieast,
From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,
O let me staie, befall, vvhat may befall.
Queen. Oh mightst thou staie vvith safetie of thy life,
Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.
Suff. I goe.
Queene. And take my heart vvith thee.
She kisseth him.
Suff. A ievvell lockt into the vvofulst caske,
That euer yet containde a thing of vvoorth,